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sect has been preserved in a perfect state, as well as the cell in which it lay for so many months, and the empty shell of its chrysalis.

The following account of the Sphinx Atropos, is taken from Shaw's Zoology.

"The upper wings are of a fine dark grey colour, with a few slight variations of dull orange and white. The under wings are of a bright orange colour, marked by a pair of transverse black bands. The body is also orange coloured, with the sides marked by black bars; while along the top of the back, from the morax to the tail, runs a broad blue-grey stripe. On the top of the thorax is a very large patch of a most singular appearance, exactly representing the usual figure of a skull, and is of a pale grey, varied with dull ochre and black. When in the least disturbed or irritated, this insect emits a stridulous sound, something like the squeaking of a mouse; and from this circumstance, as well as from the mark above-mentioned on the thorax, it is held in much dread by the vulgar, in several parts of Europe; its appearance being regarded as a kind of ill-omen or harbinger of approaching fate. Reaumur mentions that the members of a female convent were thrown into great consternation, at the appearance of one of these insects, which happened to fly in during the evening, at one of the windows of the dormitory. The caterpillar from which this curious sphinx proceeds, is in the highest degree beautiful, and far surpasses in size every other European insect of the kind, measuring sometimes nearly five inches in length, and being of a proportional thickness. This caterpillar is principally found on the potato and the jessamine, which are its favourite food. It changes into a chrysalis in the month of September, retiring for that purpose deep into the earth, and the perfect insect emerging in the following June or July.

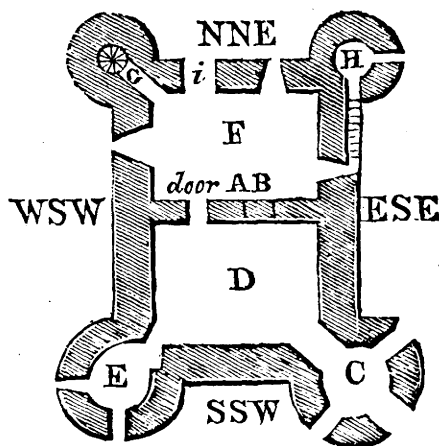
The sphinx atropos is generally considered as a rare insect, and as the caterpillar feeds chiefly by night, concealing itself during the day under leaves, &c. it is not often discovered. Yet from some singular circumstances favourable to its breed, there are seasons in which it is even plentiful; as was the case in the autumn of 1804, in which the caterpillar was so common in some counties in England, as to be prejudicial to the potato plants in some parts of Cornwall and Surrey."



TIRDAGLASS CASTLE.

We here give a sketch and plan of the building, called by the peasantry, the Old Court, situate at Terryglass, in the barony of Lower Ormond, and county Tipperary, on the banks of Lough Dearg, on the river Shannon.

This building, which lies on the declivity of a rising ground, appears to have been a quadrilateral one, with round towers at each corner. It is now so demolished that it is difficult to say what its original elevation might have been; but it is evident from the remains of windows still extant, that it consisted of at least two stories, and indeed it is probable that it did not exceed that height. The walls are of great thickness, when compared to the elevation—they being at least five feet thick, and built with a considerable batter or inclination, for the height of ten or twelve feet from the foundation, which was laid on the naked green sod. It is strange what walls of so great solidity could have been intended for, as this building must have been erected long prior to the use of gunpowder. Indeed, the very great antiquity of the structure is sufficiently indicated by the fact, that no chimney or fire-place is to be found in any part of it.



Through the wall, between the apartments D and F are two holes at A and B, the use of which is unknown. They possibly served for communicating commands from one room to the other. The entrance was at C, in the southern tower, which served the purposes of a hall, and was lighted by two windows, the one facing towards the east, and the other towards the west. The door-way between C and D appears to have been secured on the side next D, with a strong bolt, the chamber for receiving which is still extant. D was an apartment about twelve yards long, by two-thirds of that dimension in breadth; and F was of equal area with D, but different in this, that F was lighted by windows on three sides, while there does not appear to have been any window whatever in D. The stairs, the steps of which were not more than eighteen inches in length, were in the south tower, and on the geometrical construction. The most extraordinary thing about this building is the eastern tower, into which the only entrance, now visible, appears to have been at a height of better than twenty feet. A flight of narrow stone steps on the outside of the E. S. E. wall of the castle, led to the door of this tower, whose use it is now difficult to conjecture. Terryglass, or as it was anciently called Tirdaglass, (i. e.) the country of the two greens was formerly famed for its monastery, founded by St. Columba, about the year 548. There is but little now remaining to indicate the vestiges of so celebrated a seat of religion. The ruins of the ancient church are spacious, but exhibit no remarkable workmanship, and the modern church, hard by, is also in a shameful state of dilapidation.

There is a neat Roman Catholic chapel in the village.

On the old history of this place we may remark, that it is related St. Patrick visited Terryglass, and there baptized several of the inhabitants of Thomond, who came across the Shannon to him.

St. Colman, the founder of Terryglass Monastery, died the 13th of December, in the year 552, and was interred there.

Archdall says this place was destroyed in 1140, by the people of O'Maney, a small territory about the barony of Tiaquin, in the county Galway.

The Danes destroyed and plundered Terryglass in 842, and the town and abbey were destroyed by accidental fires in the years 801, 1112, and 1162. B.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

BY MISS LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

We have already allowed our readers an opportunity of judging, in some measure, of the entertainment afforded in this very amusing little publication, from the humorous poem entitled "Miss-nomers," which we inserted in our 73d number. The work altogether overflows with wit and humour—and although we certainly need not travel to England for the one or the other, as—

"Our own green isle more wit produces
Than is sufficient for her uses;
Dublin no market is for wit,
'Tis common, no one values it;
But we export it—and our parts
Bear highest price in foreign marts."

Still, who is there in Ireland that does not like to read a witty reply, or a humorous story, well told? To all such we recommend Miss Sheridan's "Comic Annual," as calculated to afford considerable amusement. We select the following, not so much as a fair specimen of the work, but as a right good story, embodying a description of scenes, admirably sketched, true to life, and many of which every day meet the eye of the people of Dublin:—

THE CAD.*

BY LADY CLARIE.

Upon his back hangs ragged misery.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Will I run after your honour and bould the mare for you, will I, Captain, Sir?" said a pale-faced tatterdemalion boy of fourteen years of age, to a spruce young Guardsman, as he cantered up one of the principal lounging streets of Dublin. It was the Captain's first campaign in Ireland, and determined to be amused at all that came from the lips of a Paddy, he answered good-humouredly, "Pray how do you know I shall want to have my horse held, my hero?"

The boy grinned from ear to ear, shewed a row of white teeth and long gums, a national peculiarity in Irish physiognomy. "Och, shure your honour, I know well enough it is to the square you bees going. Many's the time I held that same *baste* for Captain Fitzgourish before your honour got the reversion of her." Captain Montrose laughed heartily, and the boy, encouraged, went on, "why then its himself never missed the day, nor myself the tester (sixpence), long life to him wherever he is.—Troth, and I can insense your honour with all the resorts of the offishers in the garrison for the year back, bar'n it bent out of my walk entirely."

"Have you no other mode of living, my lad?" said Captain Montrose, amused by his humour.

"Sorrow other, plazé your honour; how could we, Captain? Shure is not the world run over with them Scotch and English forrinors that comes in oceans over, and takes all de posts from us entirely?"

"The posts?" reiterated Captain Montrose.

"Aye and troth, sir, not a name over a shop doore, or behind a shop counter of the ra'al ould sort now, at all at all. Troth, and I think the ladies might be sarved by as dacent a set of phizogonies (tho' they bees Irish itself) as any of the forty eight behind Mr. Mucklegain's counter at any rate—shure, if it wasn't for the likes of him, there would not beso many of us Cads on the walk, Sir." Captain Montrose smiled at the inductions of the Cad, who conceived that nothing was wanting for the elevation of the Irish paupers to those posts he so much ambitioned, but the patronage of the few resident nobility, whose "poverty and not their will" entitles them to the appellation of PATRIOTIC QUALITY. It is rarely dreamed of in Irish philosophy that temperance, industry, frugality, and enterprise are stepping stones to such elevation and prosperity. "Then," said Captain Montrose, "you get your bread by following gentlemen to hold their horses, friend?"

"I do, plazé your honour; that's the offishers' fore all, and who would we follow if it was not you and the likes of your honour? and very good bread it is too, if there was plinty of it; and makes a power in the season—many's the good coat and pantaloon you will be after throwing us betwixt this and Easter, plazé God," added he, archly looking down at his own scarcity of dress. Much amused, and not a little shocked at this juvenile instance of humour and wretchedness in one so seemingly willing to be employed, Captain Montrose rode musingly on until he was roused at Carlisle Bridge by a drove of cattle to be shipped off for the consumption of his more fortunate and

better fed countrymen. He had lost sight, by this interruption, of his self-constituted aid-de-camp—a circumstance which seemed to be noticed by a number of ragged boys, who had taken their stand on the bridge, evidently to obtain a similar employment, and who now surrounded Captain Montrose's horse and kept pace with its smart trot.

The gallant Cavalier, alighting at the post-office to put in some letters, a general scuffle ensued for possession of the horse: some catching at the bridle and others endeavouring to mount it. His presence of mind dictated a method of disposing of this horde of little expectants without their "coming between the wind and his nobility," which source of annoyance his English fastidiousness shuddered to encounter. He threw a couple of pieces of silver at some distance from the field of battle, and like a good general, made an able retreat when he found *le champ libre*.

Arrived at the place of destination, his surprise was great at being again accosted by his new-found friend, who with a scrape and a grin said, "Shure I was after waiting for you, Captain Sir; I'll be bound I'll be even wid dem knot of spalpeens dat was harrashing de baste dere below at the post office, faicks I will, as shure as my name is *Corney Tully*. Will I rap, Captain, will I Sir?"

"No," said the Captain, "no thank you, Mr. Cornelius Tullius, I should be sorry to give a gentleman with so high a name so humble an office; but may I ask," said he, alighting and knocking at the door himself—"may I ask you to explain the mystery of your appearance at the door of the very house where I was intending to call this morning?" But the mystery could not be solved just then, as a showily dressed and well powdered footman appeared, who admitted the visitor, and closed the door on the intended eloquence of Corney, who now mounted with a triumphant air "the animal," with whom he seemed to be on an acknowledged and familiar footing.

Patiently, and with much care, covering her haunches with the tattered remains of his coat, from the drizzling rain which increased each moment, for three long hours did this drenched and half-famished child of misery slowly ride up and down one side of a very handsome square, whilst the gallant Captain, up to his eyes in love and luncheon, made havoc with the hearts and ham of his newly acquired acquaintances. His bon-ton constantly reminding him, that for a first visit this was rather of the long-est, but then the Irish cordiality was so enticing—and Irish eyes so bright, that Captain Montrose literally tore himself away from his fascinating hostess, &c. &c.

His kind heart smote him on gaiting the street, and seeing his humble, shivering, bare-headed, but still grinning Corney, ready with stirrup in hand to attend him. There is a sort of attraction between the hand and the purse of a liberal English militiaire; and Captain Montrose mechanically sought to relieve his own feelings and Corney's distress by the same means, but was much mortified to find he had already emptied his purse to his Knight's Companions of the spur. Corney had watched his movements with eagerness, and perceiving the result, with a sort of instinctive politeness, seemed to feel for his embarrassment: "shure, your honour, it's no matter—the next time, Sir. Will I be up wid you dere below at de barracks, Sir, to-morrow, not in regard of the tester (sixpence)—no, in troth, Sir, but to insense you into de way of the place, Captain, and to keep off dem other Cads dat bees tazing the strangers?"

"Certainly," said Captain Montrose, "and I will doubtle what I intended giving you, for the disappointment."

His impatient steed now bounded forward, and he reached the barracks just in time to dress for mess.

"Was there ever such good fun as those Irish Vis-a-Vis?" said a brother officer, to Captain Montrose, next morning, pointing to a jaunting-car as it passed—"By Jove! what if I part with my *cad*, and have one in exchange—for I can't stand both, and here is Sharp bringing it round as if to dench my resolutions. Come with me, Montrose, there's a good fellow, and help me to strike a bargain."

"Wid all de veins," said his companion, endeavouring to imitate the Irish brogue with about as much success as

* Cad, the abbreviation of *Cadet*, the name given to servants out of place in Ireland, but now assumed by the Dublin horse-boys. The Irish horse-boy was a class of some importance in the olden time, and known by the name of the Dalteens; every Irish Gallowglass had his horse-boy, even when the Irish chief himself rode without stirrups or saddle. Shakspeare is said to have illustrated the profession, and to have stood at the door of the Globe Theatre to hold horses for the gallants of his day.